When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania waked, and ſtraightway lou'd an aſſe.
Ob. This falles out better then I could deuiſe:
But haſt thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee do?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Deme. O why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe, (to,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia?* Ile beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murderer looke, ſo dead, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murdered looke, & ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looke as bright, as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. VVhat's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?
Dem. Ide rather giue his carkaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre, thou driu'ſt me paſt the bonds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh,

Oh, once tell true, euen for my ſake,
Durſt thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kild him ſleeping? O braue turch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it. For with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpriz'd mood,
I am not guilty of *Lyſanders* bloud:
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee tell me then, that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to ſee me more,
And from thy hated preſence part I, ſee me no more,
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Heere therefore for a while I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier grow.
For debt that bankrout ſlip doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender heere I make ſome ſtay. *Lie downe.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laide the loue iuyce on ſome true loues ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a falſe turnd true.
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh bloud deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eies, againſt ſhe do appeare.
Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,

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